

## SOME TALES OF THE TOWN

## Story That Well Illustrates the Alleged "Coldness" of President Harrison.

A Relic of Raper Commandery—Good Mayor on a Clear Day—Youth Who Sprung Into Fame by a Critique.

"You know those Supreme Court decisions," said an aged attaché of the Journal's composing-room the other day, "are usually so clear and simple that reading them you imagine you knew it all before. Well, one day I struck one I didn't understand and began to figure on how I could find out about it."

The reporter would have taken this consequence for granted without the saying, for an insatiable anxiety to know all about everything that comes within his ken is the old gentleman's chief characteristic, and has earned for him about the office the title of "Searcher After Truth."

"That was shortly after I came here some years ago," he continued, "and I didn't know anybody I could go to to ask. But I had met a man several times on the street whom, from his appearance, I took to be a lawyer. So the next day, when I met him as usual at the corner of Pennsylvania and Market streets, I touched my hat and begged a moment of his time. I asked him if he were not a lawyer, and, receiving an



affirmative answer, briefly stated the point in the decision I did not understand.

"I am not surprised that you did not comprehend it," said he, with a smile, "for it is a point in law that has gotten somewhat remote from first principles, but it is correct and logical enough when reasoned out. He then went on to explain it to me so clearly and concisely that when he finished I half believed I had known it all the time. Now, if you care to look into it further," said he, "I have several decisions in my office bearing on the subject, and if you will come up with me I'll point them out to you."

"I thanked him, but told him I saw it very clearly and would not bother him further. He said there was no trouble at all, he was glad to be of service to me, and bid me a cordial good day."

"When I reached the bottom of the stairs, half a block away, leading to the Journal office, where the boys were congregated as usual before going up to throw in their cases, I was greeted with a chorus of questions, such as 'When did you meet him?' 'How did you get acquainted with him?' and 'How do you come to be training with big guns?'"

"I never did get acquainted with him," I replied, "until I accosted him on the street. Who is he?"

"Why, that Senator Harrison!"

"And yet some of these correspondents try to make us believe President Harrison's an iceberg!"

In last Sunday's Journal there were two communications brought forth by Mr. Ingersoll's lecture on Shakespeare. One of these was by James Williamson, of Thornton, and the other by O. W. Sears, of this city. Mr. Williamson pointed out some inaccuracies of the gifted orator concerning the social standing of the ancestors of the poet and the trivial character of his attack on Bacon. Mr. Sears showed in an exceedingly learned and informative way that the family of Shakespeare were good people, and that Mr. Ingersoll did not tell the truth about William.

These two papers have created a great amount of talk among literarily-inclined persons, and as the writers are modest gentlemen, with limited acquaintance, there is considerable inquiry as to who they are. The literary finish of these two articles, the skill and address with which they present additional facts on an ever-interesting topic makes the individuality of the writers a matter of some concern.

"I have looked for hear from Mr. Ingersoll in answer to the question of the then establishment of Bowen & Stewart, of this city, who, over twenty years ago or more, wrote a criticism of this work, in which he laid bare the coarseness with which Reade had treated his subject, and this criticism from an unknown man attracted the attention of the entire literary world. This scolding rebuke was not long in reaching Mr. Reade, who, under the lash, wrote in reply his famous answer, bearing the title of 'The Frustrated Friend,' which, in its turn, created perhaps as great a sensation as Byron's 'British Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Mr. Hubbard, the author having shown himself a master of the pen, was drawn into the literary vortex. He left Indianapolis and went, I believe, into a New York book-house, but for the past few years has been cashier at the St. Denis Hotel of that city."

At a recent informal session at the Columbia Club Hon. Smiley N. Chambers told this story on himself. A few days ago he went to the Supreme Court library to look up some precedents and decisions bearing on an important case. He was deep in his work, when one of Tim Griffin's janitors appeared and announced that some one wanted Mr. Chambers at the telephone. The law library is in the north-east corner of the State-house, on the second floor, and the telephone is in the south-west corner. Mr. Chambers went to the telephone, and was informed by one of the clerks in his office that two ladies wanted to see him on important business.

"Well, won't they tell you what it is?" queried the district attorney.

"No, they say it is important business and they want you," said the clerk.

Mr. Chambers hated to be disturbed, but he had a vision of a fat fee, and so he climbed the stairs to the library, put back his law-book, donned his hat and coat and hastened to his office.

Arriving at his office, corner of Market and Pennsylvania, Mr. Chambers found two strange ladies in waiting.

The elder lady, arising, advanced and said, "I am sorry to have disturbed you, Mr. Chambers, but I have here a book that I am selling, the merits of which I would like to lay before you. For an instant the tropical Venusian blood of Mr. Chambers approached the boiling point, and then he recovered his outward calm, and his demeanor and treatment of the two book agents was that of a Chesterfield. But he didn't buy the book."

"That was my experience almost to a dot," said Supt. Darlington. "Mine too," said another, and when all had confessed it was found that they were all of the group of ten had been there."

A gentleman who enjoys the acquaintance of Seth Low, the father of the Brooklyn city charter, after which the Indianapolis charter is fashioned, remarked in conversation the other day that when Mr. Low framed his celebrated charter, it was said by lawyers in New York and Brooklyn that he had devised a scheme whereby any man who should ever hold the office of Mayor could never after hope to hold any other political office. "The funny thing about

this," continued the gentleman, "that Low responded to this that that was the crowning point of excellence in the charter—a man could not use the mayor's salary as a stepping-stone to political preferment." One of the group of listeners remarked that Mayor Sullivan was probably by this time convinced of the truth of the foregoing proposition, and that hereafter aspirants for the mayoralty, if they will look at the inscription over the entrance to that office, will discover that it reads much like that given by Dante as inscribed over the gates of the inferno: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

The other evening a well-known young man of this city entered a Pennsylvania-street saloon somewhat under the influence of intoxicants, and wandered down a stairway at the rear of the room where and iron gate opened into a small closed area. Once in there, he lay down with one lonesome straw for a pillow, and dropped off into a doze.

About that time the colored janitor happened along and, seeing the man sleeping, he stood open, closed and locked it. An hour later the young man awoke and found himself a prisoner in a dark cell.

Was he awake or dreaming? Had he been arrested while stupidly drunk and carted off to the police station? These were some of the thoughts that filled his mind as he groped about in the darkness. He finally convinced himself that he was awake and clamorously tried to get out of his narrow confinement; he yelled as loud as a gaudily decorated Comanche out on the war-path and shook the iron door. It gave back a clanging sound.

The noise scared the bartender out of a week's growth, and he hastily called in a passing policeman, upon whom he shifted the burden of the investigation. The policeman ascertained what was up, and simultaneously that the door was locked; but how to get it open? The janitor had gone home, and he lived about two miles away. The young man (sober now) paid for a messenger boy, and in the course of time the young man was released.

He had made a night of it.

Ingersoll told a good story to a party of gentlemen who were calling upon him, at the Denison, two weeks ago. A gentleman entered a street car and took his seat opposite a fine, portly, aristocratic-looking personage, whom he at once thought he recognized. He looked hard at the man for a time, until he saw he was causing him considerable discomfort. He then changed his seat, and for one beside the handsome man, and, as he did so, turned to the latter with the remark: "I beg your pardon, sir, for my question, but I am so strongly seized with the impression that we have met before."

The gentleman good-naturedly replied that he, too, thought he had seen the other's face, but was at a loss to tell where. Both rode on in silence for some blocks, alternately exchanging side glances, but saying never a word. Finally the man who had broached the subject broke out with: "Hold on; I have it, sir. Weren't you blown up at the battle of Vicksburg?"

"Yes," replied the other, inquiringly. "Then that explains it. So was I. When you were going up I was coming down, and I thought as I looked at you then, that fellow would give a good deal to be as near the ground as I am. I had seen your face some place, comrade."

"Now that is what I call a wonderful memory," said Colonel Ingersoll, with a hearty laugh.

The other evening an eleven-year-old boy came home with a severe cold, and so hoarse that his faintest whisper sounded like the sigh of the north wind through a knot-hole. His mother got down the book of domestic recipes and Dr. Gunn's Family Practice, and, after much research, compounded a poultice, the chief ingredient of which was raw onions, sliced thin. She spread this over the youngster's chest next morning, and sent him to school No. 27 next morning, as usual.

As he entered the school-room the scholars exhibited extreme diffidence at his approach, and the teacher manifested a disposition to withdraw. The principal was called in and a council of war was held. The boy explained that his mother had made the onion poultice to prevent him from getting sick. It was finally determined to send him home to save the remainder of the school from a spell of sickness.

A member of the committee that went to Washington to bring back the Democratic convention was John E. Lamb, of Terre Haute. While there Mr. Lamb called upon Calvin S. Brice. He told the latter that he had known his wife when, as a young woman, she taught in the public schools of Terre Haute; that she had been well liked by the entire community, who still had a great interest in her welfare.

"As a personal friend," said Mr. Lamb, "as a friend of your wife I beg you to lend your influence toward sending the convention to Indianapolis."

"How far is Indianapolis from Terre Haute?" asked the Ohio-New York millionaire.

"Fifty-six miles."

"Can't do anything for you."

"Why?"

"Indianapolis is too far from Terre Haute."

An Italian family of street musicians was parading the streets of West Indianapolis, the other afternoon, accompanied by a fine large ape. It was amusing to notice the sudden change of heart that the numerous dogs experienced upon spying this strange visitor. They would start with a fierce, hoarse growl, with bristles up and head erect, intent upon paralyzing the dog. The Italian would then turn, give the ape a "yank" with the chain by which he was led and wait for results. The dogs were unvarying. The ape would leap, seize a bulldog or stick, and assume a position as a Sullivan, while the ferocious canine would gradually slacken his pace, assume a look of astonishment, drop his head, and, with tail dangling between his legs, skulk away out of sight, when the Italians would again resume their search for shillings.

It is not always possible in filling a position, to select men of marked intelligence and perfect familiarity with "English" as she is spoke and wrote, but in so responsible a trust as guardian of the health of an entire county it does seem odd that a man claiming to be a licensed physician should make such a report as this to the State Board of Health.

There has been ten deaths up to this 22 of Feb the funerals has all been Private the Schools have been closed and Churches Partly Closed. There have been but one new cases in the last ten days.

This is a fair specimen of many reports that are received by Secretary Metcalf, of the State board. Can men of this caliber be capable of properly guarding the health of thousands of people?

A citizen living on North Alabama street and a patron of the bob-tail cars turned to reminiscence one night as he was being teetered home: "I can remember when this bob-tail car was first brought to Indianapolis. I was quite a boy and the cars then looked nice and new."

"How long ago was that?" inquired a neighbor at the top of his voice, for every window in the bob-tail was rattling as if about to fall out.

"Let me see," was the response. "I was thirty-six last week and I must have been as old as twelve. I was quite a boy."

Major Holstein, in a conversation, remarked that there were occasional gems of eloquence even in the justice-of-the-peace courts. "The other day," said the Major, "in a case in one of these courts a colored attorney, in an impassioned speech, made the declaration that the rigors of the common law had been hardened, and melted some of the Major's attention. He was of the opinion that this observation might apply to the proceedings of Judge Street-railroad Company."

The other day—a wet day—Hon. John E. Lamb, of Terre Haute was talking to a local Democratic politician who was indulg-

ing in the popular pastime of "roasting" Mayor Sullivan for his recent unexampled display of imbecility.

"Why what's the matter with Mayor Sullivan?" asked Mr. Lamb.

"Oh, he's all right," replied the politician. "He would make a good Mayor for Southport—that is on a clear day; not a day like this."

The other day a gentleman of this city found an old but well-preserved letter which may be valuable to some one as a relic. It was written before the days of envelopes, the last page being folded to receive the postmark and address, and the letter had been sealed with a wafer. It was postmarked Dayton, O., and addressed thus:

His Excellency, Jas. Whitcomb, Indianapolis, Ia.

The letter bore date Aug. 23, 1848, and was to "Sir Kt. J. Whitcomb." The writer was W. H. Raper, after whom Raper Commandery, then just organized, had been named. The letter contained the following receipt:

Received of James Whitcomb, recorder of Raper Encampment, No. 1, U. D., at Indianapolis, \$51.25 (which includes \$1.25 as railroad fare) being the amount allowed me by said encampment as by their proceedings of the 7th of June last, 1848, for expenses and services in visiting them at that city and organizing their encampment."

## PATROLMEN AND THIEVES

Police Not Happy Over the New Rules Compelling Them to Run Singly.

Likely to Be Targets for Thugs and Sand-baggers—Question of Evidence—Story of a Detective's Experience.

The order assigning the police to individual districts has been suspended during these times of labor troubles, but it is pertinent to consider the propriety of the order. Superintendent Colbert was asked for the reason of the change. He said: "The plan of assigning one patrolman to a district is used in twenty-two of the largest cities in the country. In enables twice as much ground to be covered, and, with the addition of two sergeants, I believe it will work well here. One advantage of it is that it will prevent quarrels and ill-feeling among the men. Nobody knows better than I how many complaints there are. The sergeants' districts will give the patrolmen a sergeant within easy call, and if the sergeants do their duty there is no reason why the change should not be an improvement."

The plan is not a new one, having been tried here before with demoralizing effects. The patrolmen are a unit against it. The reasons were stated by one of them of long experience and a clear head.

"The change," said he, "is not agreeable to the men, first, because our beats will be so large many of them cannot be covered more than once or twice during the entire night. A single officer becomes an easy victim of two or three men, who may jump out of an alley and sand-bag him before he knows himself or can call for help. There was the case of Conklin, when we were all running single. A robbery had been committed, and he came upon the three men in a lonely place near the rolling-mill. He put them under arrest, and seized hold of one of them. The next morning he was taken to the police house for a long time after. One of the robbers came near breaking his neck by a blow on the back of the head with a sand-bag. They all ran away. Two officers run together could have secured the men. To be alone with a crowd means a certainty of a light spot of your rubber and a heavy dose of the law."

"Another objection," said he, "is the matter of evidence. It takes three or four policemen now to convict a man in many cases. The court seems to favor the citizen generally against the officer. But when alone, it is still worse. The testimony of one man will not secure a conviction, and this has a bad effect on the criminal and vicious classes. I can't see much to hope for out of the new system."

In the cities using the new plan the beats are very small, being one side of the street for several squares. It is not so here, and the second objection will be watched in great interest. The double patrol has been effective recently in every respect. The city is one of the most orderly in the world. It has one class known for raising disturbances, such as Chicago and other large cities. The city has greatly improved in the last ten years, since the old Zoo Theater, saloon concerts and such affairs were allowed to run uncontrolled. Old officers have many a thrill when they tell of arrests in those days, before the advent of the patrol wagon. The superintendent's change, therefore, is not demanded and probably not directed by the failure of the double patrol system.

Detectives are forced by the nature of their business to become quick in identifying people. This leads them to be close observers of the countenance, the wearing apparel, cut and color of hair, height and weight, and the general appearance. When they once see a man they can describe him closely, even to the kind of stripe in his trousers. Chief Splann is said to be able to see a guilty man as the sculptor does his handiwork in the uncut block of stone. But it was left to old Constable Seamon, of Richmond, for a novel mode of recognizing people. When arrested by a friend, whom he had not seen for several years, being over seventy years of age himself, it was noticed he was puzzled. His eyes fell to the feet of his friend, and then he looked up and called his name.

"How did you recognize me?" was asked of him.

"By your feet," was the reply.

"But how by my feet?"

"Oh, I used to be a shoemaker. When I was in the police business I always pressed the shape of a man's foot on my memory, because it was easy to remember people in that way. A criminal would not think of changing the shape of his foot, but he might change the style of his beard. So my plan has some advantages."

Mr. Seamon is noted for his honesty. He once captured a bank robber between Anderson and Kokomo, recognizing the man on the train from a description in the telegram. The robber sought to buy his liberty.

"Here's a roll of bills, \$6,000," whispered the desperate fellow, who was known by police as Moses. "It's yours to let me go."

"Put up that money," was the heroic reply. "You are a prisoner."

The man was returned to Anderson, the money recovered and the thief sent to the State prison for a long term of years. Officer Seamon never even received a "thank you" from the bank's officials.

Hints to Those About to Move. New York Press.

A clever housekeeper says, on the subject of moving: "Get a big box; leave it open, in the middle of your floor, and your house, and pitch into it ruthlessly every single thing you don't need. Lots of useless objects accumulate during the year, and while they find places for themselves in a house when you are settled, still they will be only litter and trouble in new surroundings. Burn up all the old newspapers, old trash, and old things, and let your char-woman turn the heap over and help herself. She will reveal in dress her whole family upon what you throw away. Note all your books in your bureau drawers, pack them full, send them off on the load, have them carefully emptied and return for more. This saves the bindings of your favorite notes. Do things up in cotton cloth or ticking and number them. Then enter the contents in a book. It will be a long and tedious job, but the linen or the silver polish you have only to consult your little book and open bundle No. 3 or 6, as the case may be."

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(ESTABLISHED 1853)

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## TRULY EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

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## SILK DEPARTMENT

25 pieces Crepe de Chine, in all the fashionable evening shades, a splendid fabric, for only per yd. 50c

Choice Printed India Silks, full 30 in. wide, the very newest styles and colors, for spring, 1892, per yard only 85c

500 yards extra fine quality Black Surah Silks, 24 inches wide, a quality never before retailed under 87c per yd., our price is only 69c

An opportunity that, coming early in the season, should not be missed by anyone desiring silks.

## WOOL DRESS GOODS.

Two Bargains that are Really Sensational

50 pieces pure Mohair Brilliantines, full 40 inches wide, in all the new spring shades, never before offered for less than 50c per yd. Our special price, to open the season, is 25c

55 pieces colored Henrietta, in all the new spring shades (and black). These goods are 44 inches wide, and 7 yards make a full dress, costing only \$2.03, or per yd., but 29c

This is a special stimulating bargain line and should be taken advantage of.

## Washing Fabrics.

150 pieces new spring styles of Dress Ginghams, the kind usually sold at 12c per yd., our price, 6c

100 pieces Llama Cloths, a very choice light-weight fabric, in perfect imitation of French printed flannels. These are desirable goods for tea-gowns, house-dresses, dressing-sacques, etc., and only 12c per yd.

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NEW SPRING CLOAKS.

Daily we open new things in this Department.

One of the newest, and probably the most popular, things of the season is THE BERLIN CAPE, in Tan, Gray, Slate, Fawn and Black, with Capuchin hood, lined with changeable silk in various shades. This garment is extremely stylish, very dressy and useful for the early spring.

THE NEW HAVELOCK NEWMARKETS, with detachable Cape, in Tan, Blue and Black, strictly all wool, price \$7.50

ENGLISH BOX COATS in various plain and corded materials, in Tan and Drab shades, with large pearl buttons, are very nobby. We show an elegant line of all grades from \$5 to \$25.

A SPECIAL LINE.

Ladies' Tailor-made Flannel Suits, all wool, with Bell Skirts, ready for wear, in Navy Blue only, trimmed with black braid and buttons, all sizes, and the price is, each, \$4.75.

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## DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Our new Dress Trimmings are now ready for your inspection, and comprise the very latest novelties of the fashionable world. Many of them are our own importation, and cannot be duplicated.

JET TRIMMINGS in edgings, insertions, fringes and girdles.

MARABOUTS—(Silk Featherine) in black and colors.

SILK BRAID and RIBBON FRINGES and all widths.

ILLUMINATED BEAD GIMPS in black and colors.

CANTILE BEAD EDGINGS and Gimps to match, in all colors and combinations.

SILK OUTLINING GIMPS in black and colors, all widths.

LA TOSCA, MARGUERITE and CLEOPATRA Waist Trimmings, in Bead, Braid and Ribbon effects—the novelty of the season.

SILK CORD, BRAID and RIBBON GIMPS, in black and colors, all widths.

We have the finest line of Dress Trimmings ever brought into the city, and we invite inspection of the same.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

"Up to date" styles just opened in all the new and fashionable Laces. "This is to be essentially a Lace Season"—so say the Fashion authorities. We show new styles in Black and Cream Silk Laces, from 1 to 15 in. wide.

The New Point de Irelande, The New Point de Sene, The New Point Gage,

And other Trimming Laces, in all widths, as well as an excellent line of BLACK LACE FLOUNCINGS and DRAPERY NETS.

SPECIAL VALUES in Cambric Edgings from 3c to \$1 per yard.

Swiss and Nainsook Edgings and Insertions, Skirt Flouncings and Demi Flouncings in a large variety of new designs.

Matched Sets, that include all widths of edgings and insertions, of the same pattern.

27-inch Embroidered Flouncings for infants dresses in Swiss and Nainsook.

45-inch Swiss Embroidered Flouncings in white, cream, ecru and black from 59c per yard up.

Large line of Cambric, Swiss and Nainsook all-over embroideries, etc., etc.

CORSETS.

We carry full lines of all the best makes of Corsets. Thomson's in all styles and lengths; the R. & G.; Warner's, all styles; the P. D., the L. C., Her Majesty and the Classique.

We are also sole agents in the city for the Jeness Miller Waists.

A Special Bargain Line.

The "First Prize," a well-shaped, well-made corset; material, white coutille, trimmed lace, regular value, \$1.50; special price, 98c. White only, and all sizes except 20 and 22 inch.

GLOVES.

We are now ready with all the new things for the season.

Our \$1 Glove is the best in the city—we import them ourselves. They are made under the personal supervision of our Paris agent, and are perfect in cut and color. No better gloves are being daily sold in the city for \$1.50. They come in 4-button, 5-hook and n Biarritz shape, \$1 per pair.

Full lines of all Evening Gloves.

N. B.—We keep in repair all Kid Gloves over \$1 per pair sold by us.

We repair gloves at moderate rates, shorten fingers, alter to fit, or make kid gloves to order.

The only house in the State who does these things.

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